

OH, THE STORIES I COULD TELL: HEMI-SYNC® IN FAMILY THERAPY

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Debra Davis, M.Ed., became a Professional Member in March 1995. She has maintained a private practice in Fort Worth, Texas, for eighteen years as a licensed professional counselor and licensed marriage and family therapist. Debra consults with entrepreneurs, their staff, and their families to manage change in the professional milieu by delving into the impact of family and individual dynamics on business success or failure. Her primary counseling contract for the past eight years has been with the Parenting Center. The clientele is a mixture of referrals from the Texas Department of Protective and Regulatory Services/Child Protective Services and includes court-ordered counseling for custody and divorce disputes. Community parents in need of encouragement and alternative parenting tools also seek Debra's assistance.

I attended the *Gateway* in 1988 and *Guidelines*® in 1989. Bob Monroe asked me to “please” submit in writing the stories he heard me telling at breakfast on one of the mornings he joined us. I never got around to it. The stories have multiplied manyfold since then. In honor of Bob’s transition, I’m now sharing some of these stories. The focus will be mainly on the children with whom I’ve used Hemi-Sync® since 1988. When possible, I’ll explain how the decision is made to use Hemi-Sync with a particular client and why particular tapes are chosen.

I had just returned from the *Gateway* in 1988. New to Hemi-Sync, I was cautious about trying it out with clients even though I used it daily. This mother was in her thirties with two boys aged seven and nine. She was a psychic and gave readings at a time when “that kind of stuff” was considered a hoax at best and downright crazy at worst, certainly in Fort Worth, Texas. She was very depressed and not finding life much worth living. I found her vocation credible, and the rapport between us grew. Plus, I could share my experiences at The Monroe Institute.

Her older son was on Ritalin® and had excruciating migraine headaches requiring occasional craniosacral adjustments to relieve the pressure. As we began one counseling session he was experiencing one of his headaches. His eyes were so dilated only the pupils were visible. Since I listened to *Concentration* on a regular basis to help me focus, I thought, “Well, surely it can’t hurt, and it may even help.” It was hard for him even to wear the headphones because of the pain. I held my breath and tried to remain casual. We kept talking about the headaches and his medication. He had lost a lot of weight and looked unhealthy. In less than five minutes, he stopped in mid-sentence, looked at me in a combination of puzzlement, amazement, and relief, and said, “The headache is gone!” My reply was something profound like, “Oh, really? Good.” And we continued with the session. He took *Concentration* and *Catnapper* home. His mother began to use both tapes herself and listened to *Catnapper* with both boys to unwind in the evenings before homework, dinner, and family time. They were out of crisis and on a fairly

even keel after a few weeks. She called occasionally over the next year and came for a session when things got rocky.

We then lost touch with one another until recently. They were still using the original *Concentration* and *Catnapper* from seven years before. I offered them a wealth of new Hemi-Sync choices and replaced the original *Concentration* and *Catnapper*. The oldest son, now sixteen years old, handsome, and healthy, was having difficulty in school. He got A's and B's in regular classwork but got 40s and 50s on tests, trashing his average. It was already time for finals when I entered the picture again and gave him *Remembrance*. He and a friend used the tape to study for their finals in all subjects. His mother reported that he made no test score below an 84 on any final and was ecstatic. His friend's results were similar. Mom uses *Concentration* regularly in her psychic readings, which have taken a new direction. She has started to channel and uses the tape to contact her guides faster when she is impatient.

A seven-year-old boy's mother brought him for counseling. He had been frequently wondering aloud what it would be like to die and was making comments about not being liked by other children or loved by his parents. His mother was remarried, with a new son, making this youngster the middle child. He was a somber, sober little guy and very intelligent, with a dry wit. After a psychiatric evaluation, he was given medication that relieved the obvious depression. However, he never acted spontaneous or happy in eight months of treatment.

We'd play certain games each session. During one session I asked if he'd like to test some special music tapes and give me his opinion. I started with *Remembrance*. The response was almost immediate; within two minutes he asked if he could listen to it while we played our games. I agreed, saying I wanted him to try out some of the other tapes, too. He didn't want to change from *Remembrance*. I was puzzled and waited to see what was up. He chose the first game, and we began to play. His energy level began to rise—subtly at first, then not so subtly. He looked at me, cracked jokes about the game, and began to tease me! I didn't mention changing tapes again since the results were so spectacular with *Remembrance*. By the end of the session his energy and affect were joyful, and he said, "I gotta have me one of these [tapes]!" I heartily concurred. It took his mother three weeks to get the tape, and two more to get the tape player. However, by the next visit, he was off all antidepressant medication and only saw the psychiatrist at three-month intervals for follow-up, rather than monthly.

On another occasion, I received a desperate call from a grandmother who is rearing her two grandsons and a granddaughter. The four-year-old grandson was out of control at day care and she could not leave work. She had taken so much time off for the children that her job was in jeopardy. The boy was running around, refusing to be redirected, and disrupting the whole group. I grabbed my cassette player and Hemi-Sync tapes and headed over. When I arrived, the child was isolated on a rug in the large room and lying on his stomach with his head in his arms. He was surprised to see me, since I was clearly out of place there. Sitting on the rug

with him, I announced without fanfare that I had some more music for him to listen to and asked him to please tell me what he liked. He wouldn't take his head out of his arms, so I said I was going to put his favorite tape (*Remembrance*) in the tape player, and then I put the headphones on him. Shortly, he started to tap his feet and hands to the music. His head came up, but his eyes remained averted. Then he turned and began discussing the other tapes, initiating an exercise of changing tapes and playing with the cassette player. It was a mistake to have so many choices. However, the pattern was broken and the rest of his day went much better.

A fourteen-year-old girl was referred for counseling by her caseworker at Child Protective Services. She and both her siblings had histories of severe abuse. In her foster home, she was having problems complying with rules. This child was always in motion of some kind during sessions and could not focus on any topic of conversation for more than a couple of minutes. We had only moderate success playing board games and card games as we talked. At the second session we began some inner work—a process using relaxation and guided imagery. She listened to the original *Concentration* tape (without verbal guidance) and became still after about ten minutes, except for foot tapping and occasional peeks to check on me. Her foster parent later told me that she was upset at not being given a tape like that to take with her. Evidently she had experienced more relaxation than was apparent. For the third session we introduced *Remembrance* and several of the *METAMUSIC*® Artist tapes. She liked *Remembrance* best, then *Winds over the World*, *Cloudscapes*, and *Surf*. Subsequently we used the *Remembrance* tape for inner work since she stayed focused so easily with it. So far, over forty children have tried *METAMUSIC* and *METAMUSIC Artist* tapes, and, without an exception, each child has picked *Remembrance* as the number one favorite.

A father and his two children had been seeing me intermittently for about three years. He had recently remarried. As this new family blended, it was imperative to air differences and problem-solve in our sessions. In the midst of all this change (remarriage, moving, etc.), his company decided to eliminate a position and divide it between him and another employee. I recommended that the family try some of The Monroe Institute tapes. This man began playing *Remembrance* in the car on the way to work and also at work on a small boombox. People would drift into his office and ask, "What's that playing?" His big joke was to say, "Gee, I don't know. We'll have to look and find it." He observed that he could handle the new information and figure out how to do the new job, in addition to his regular work, with much less tension and irritability than usual. He noticed a definite increase in his energy and ability to stay focused. By the next session, his spouse was demanding equal time with *Remembrance*. They also like *Midnight* and plan to try *Deep Ten Relaxation* and *Winds over the World*. Both credit the tapes for calmer and more productive problem solving at home as well. This man only listens to country/western music, and I wasn't sure he'd go for any of this.

A three-year-old boy I've seen off and on in play therapy for several months was finally kicked out of day care on Thursday for violent behavior (typical after a weekend visit with Dad, who's a batterer). On Monday in our regular session I asked him if he would like to hear some special music and tell me what he liked best. He agreed. We got the headphones adjusted and started *Remembrance*. He was motionless, listening. Suddenly his eyes widened, he smiled this incredible smile, turned to his mother and said, "Listen, Mommy!" He gave the headset to his mother who put it on and said, "Yes, that's very nice." Still enthusiastic and animated, he continued in a matter-of-fact tone, "It's the angels, Mommy."

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